

TEARES  
ON THE DEATH  
of *Meliades.*



*Andro Hart*

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## To the Author.

**I**N wanes of Woe thy sighes my Soule doe tosse,  
And doe burst up the Conduits of my teares,  
Whose ranckling wound no smoothing Baume long beares,  
But freshly bleedes when ought vpbraides my losse.  
Then thou so sweetly Sorrow makes to sing,  
And troubled Passions dost so well accord,  
That more delight thy Anguish doth afford,  
Then others Ioyes can satisfaction bring.  
What sacred Wits (when rauish'd) doe affect  
To force Affections, Metamorphose minds,  
Whilst numbrous powre the Soule in secret binds,  
Thou hast perform'd transforming in effect.  
For neuer plaints did greater pittie moue,  
The best applause that can such notes approue.

S. W. ALEXANDER

A 4. TEARES ✽  
 ✽ ON THE DEATH ✽  
 of *Meliades*.

O Heuens, then is it trew that thou art gone,  
 And left this wofull Ile her losse to mone,  
*Meliades*, bright day-Starre of the West,  
 A Comet blazing terrour to the East:  
 And neither that thy Spirit so heauenly wise,  
 Nor Bodie [though of earth] more pure then Skies,  
 Nor royall Stemme, nor thy sweete tender Age,  
 Of cruell Destinies could quench the rage?  
 Of fading hopes? O short-while-lasting joy  
 Of earth-borne man, that one houre can destroy!  
 Then euen of *Vertues* spoyles Death Trophées reares,  
 As if he gloried most in many teares.  
 Forc'd be hard Fates, doe Heuens neglect our cries?  
 Are Starres set onely to act Tragedies?  
 And let them doe their worst, since thou art gone,  
 Raife whome they list to Thrones, enthron'd dethrone,  
 Staine Princely Bowres with blood, and euen to *Gange*,  
 In Cypressë sad, glad *Hymens* torches change.  
*Ah* thou hath left to liue, and in the time,  
 When scarce thou blossom'd in thy pleasant Prime.  
 So falls by Northen blast a virgin Rose,  
 At halfe that doth her bathfull bosome close:  
 So a sweete Flourish languishing decayes,  
 That late did blush when kist by *Phæbus* rayes.  
 So *Phæbus* mounting the Meridians hight,  
 Choak't by pale *Phæbe*, faints vnto our sight:  
 Astonish'd Nature sullen stands to see  
 The Life of all this All, so chang'd to be,

In gloomie gownes the Starres about deplore,  
The Sea with murmuring mountaines beates the shore,  
Blacke Darkenesse reeles o're all, in thousand shoures  
The weeping Aire on Earth her sorrow poures,  
That in a palley, quakes to see so soone  
Her Louer set, and Night burst forth ere Noone.

If Heauen alas ordaind thee yong to die,  
Why was't not where thou mightst thy valour trie?  
And to the wondring world at least set forth  
Somelittle sparke of thy expected worth?

*Meliades*, O that by *Isters* streames  
Mong sounding trumpets, fierie twinkling gleames  
Of warme vermilion swords, and cannons roare,  
Balls thicke as raine powr'd by the *Caspian* shore;  
Mong broken speares, mong ringing helmes & shieldes,  
Huge heapes of slaughtred bodies long the fieldes,  
In Turkish blood made red like *Marses* starre,  
Thou ended had thy life and Christian warre!  
Or as braue *Burbon*, thou had made olde *Rome*  
*Queene* of the world, thy triumph and thy tombe.  
So Heuens faire face to comming worlds which reedes,  
A booke had beene of thy illustrious deedes.  
So to their nephewes aged *Syres* had told  
The high exploits perform'd by thee of olde;  
Townes raz'd, and rais'd, victorious, vanquish'd bands,  
Fierce Tyrants flying, foyl'd, kild by thy hands,  
And in deare Arras, Virgins faire had wrought  
The Bayes and Trophies to thy countrie brought:  
While some great *Homer* imping wings to fame,  
Deafe *Nilus* dwellers had made heare thy name.

That

That thou did not attaine these honours spheares,  
Through lacke of power it was not, but of yeares.  
A brauer youth, pale *Troy* with trembling walls  
Did never see, nor she whose name appalls  
Both *Titans* golden bowres, in bloodie fights  
Mustring on *Marses* field, such *Mars*-like knights.  
The Heauens had brought thee to the highest hight  
Of wit and courage, showing all their might  
When they thee fram'd. *Ayme* that what is braue  
On earth, they as their owne so soone should craue!  
*Meliades* sweete courtly Nymphes deplore,  
From ruddy *Hesperus* rising to *Aurore*.

When *Forth* thy nurse, *Forth* where thou first did passe  
Thy tender dayes, [who smylde oft on her glasse,  
To see thee gaze] Meandring with her streames,  
Heard thou had left this round, from *Phabus* beames  
She fought to flie, but forced to returne  
By neighbour brookes, she gaue her selfe to mourne:  
And as she rush't her *Cyclades* among,  
She seem'd to plaine, that Heauen had done her wrong.  
With a hoarse plaint, *Cleyd* downe her steppie rockes,  
And *Tweid* through her greene mountaines cled with  
Did wound the *Ocean*, murmuring thy death; (flocks,  
The *Ocean* that roar'd about the earth,  
And to the *Mauritanian Atlas* told; (told  
Who shrunke through griefe, & down his white haire  
Huge streames of teares, which changed were in floods,  
Wherewith he drown'd the neighbour plaines & woods.  
The lesser brookes as they did bubling goe,  
Did keepe a consort vnto publicke woe.

The

The Shepherds left their flockes, with downe cast eyes  
Sdaining to looke vp to the angrie Skyes:  
Some brake their pipes, and some in sweete-sad layes  
Made senslesse things amazed at thy praise.  
His reed *Alexis* hang vpon a tree,  
And with his teares made *Doven* great to be.  
*Meliades* sweete courtly Nymphes deplore  
From ruddy *Hesperus* rising to *Aurore*.

Chast Maids which haunt faire *Aganippe* Well,  
And you in *Tempes* sacred shade who dwell,  
Let fall your harpes, cease tunes of joy to sing,  
Discheueled make all *Parnassus* ring  
With Anthemes sad, thy Musicke *Phæbus* turne  
In dolefull plaints, whilst Ioy it selfe doth mourne.  
Dead is thy Darling who decor'd thy Bayes,  
Who oft was wont to cherish thy sweete layes,  
And to a trumpet raise thy amorous stile,  
That floting *Delos* enuied might this Ile.  
You *Acidalian* Archers breake your Bowes,  
Your brādons quench, with teares blot Beauties snowes,  
And bid your weeping Mother yet againe  
A second *Adons* death, nay *Marses* plaine.  
His Eyes once were your darts, nay euen his Name,  
Where euer heard, did euery heart inflame.  
*Tagus* did court his loue with Golden streames,  
*Rheine* with his Townes, faire *Seine* with all she claimes.  
But ah (poore Louers) Death them did betray,  
And not suspected made their Hopes, his Pray!  
*Tagus* bewailes his losse with Golden streamies,  
*Rheine* with his Townes, faire *Seine* with all she claimes.

*Meliades*



26.  
Meliades sweete courtly Nymphes deplore  
From ruddy *Hesperus* rising to *Aurore*.

Faire Meades, amidst whose grassie velvet springs  
White, golden, azure flowres which once were kings,  
In mourning blacke, their shining colours dye,  
Bowe downe their heades, whiles sighing *Zephyrs* flye.  
Queene of the fieldes, whose blushes stains the Morne  
Sweete Rose, a Princes death in purple mourne.  
O Hyacinthes for ay your *AI* keepe still,  
Nay, with moe markes of woe your leaues now fill.  
Your greene lockes Forrests cut, in weeping Mirres,  
The deadly Cypresse, and inke-dropping Firres,  
Your Palmes and Mirtles turne, from shadowes darke  
Wing'd *Syreins* waile, and you sad *Echoes* marke  
The lamentable accents of their mone,  
And plaine that braue *Meliades* is gone.  
Stay Skye thy turning course, and now become  
A stately Arche, vnto the Earth his tombe;  
Ouer which ay the watrie *Iris* keepe,  
And soft-eyed *Pleiades* which still doe weepe,  
*Meliades* sweete courtly Nymphes deplore  
From ruddy *Hesperus* rising to *Aurore*.

Deare Ghost forgiue these our vntimely teares,  
By which our louing mind, though weake appears,  
Our losse, not thine [when we complaine] we weepe,  
The glistring walls of Heauen for thee doe keepe,  
Beyond the Planets wheelles, boue highest source  
Of Spheares, that turnes the lower in his course.  
Where Sunne doth neuer set, nor ygly Night

Euer

Euer appeares in mourning garments dight:  
 Where *Boreas* stormie trumpet doth not sound,  
 Nor clowdes in lightnings bursting, minds asound.  
 From cares cold climates farre, and hote Desire,  
 Where Time's exild, and Ages ne're expire:  
 Mong purest spirits chuiroined with beames,  
 Thou thinks all things below, t'haue bene but dreames;  
 And joyes to looke downe to the azur'd barres  
 Of Heauen, poudred with troupes of streaming starres:  
 And in their turning Temples, to behold  
 In siluer robe the Moone, the Sunne in gold,  
 Like yong eye-speaking louers in a dance,  
 With majestic, by turnes retire, aduance.  
 Thou wonders th'Earth to see hang like a ball  
 Clofd in the ghastly Cloister of this All:  
 And that poore man should proue so madly fond,  
 To tosse themselves for a small foote of ground.  
 Nay, that they euen dare braue the pow'rs aboue,  
 From this base stage of change, that cannot moue.  
 All worldly pompe, and pride thou seest arise  
 Like smoake that's scattred in the emptie skies.  
 Other Hills and Forrests, other sumptuous Towres  
 Amaz'd thou finds excellling our poore Bowres;  
 Courts voyd of flatterie, of malice Minds,  
 Pleasures which last, not such as reason blinds.  
 More sweeter songs thou heares and carrollings,  
 Whilst Heauens do dance, and quire of Angells sings,  
 Then moldie minds could faine, euen our annoy  
 [If it approach that place] is chang'd in joy.  
 Rest blessed spirit, rest, satiat with the sight

Of



Of him whose beames (though daniel) doe delight  
 Life of all liues, Cause of each other cause,  
 The Spheare and Center where the mind doth pause:  
*Narcysus* of himselfe, himselfe the Well,  
 Louer, and Beautie that doth all excell.  
 Rest happie Ghost, and wonder in that Glasse,  
 Where seene is all that shall be, is, or was,  
 While shall be, is, or was, doe passe away,  
 And nothing be, but an Eternall day.  
 For euer rest, thy praise Fame may enroule,  
 In golden Annales, while about the Pole  
 The slow *Boötes* turnes, or *Sunne* doth rise  
 With scarlet scarfe to cheare the mourning Skies.  
 The Virgins to thy tombe may garlands beare  
 Of flowres, and with each flowre let fall a teare:  
*Meliades* sweete courtly Nymphes deplore  
 From ruddy *Hesperus* rising to *Aurora*.

W. Dr.

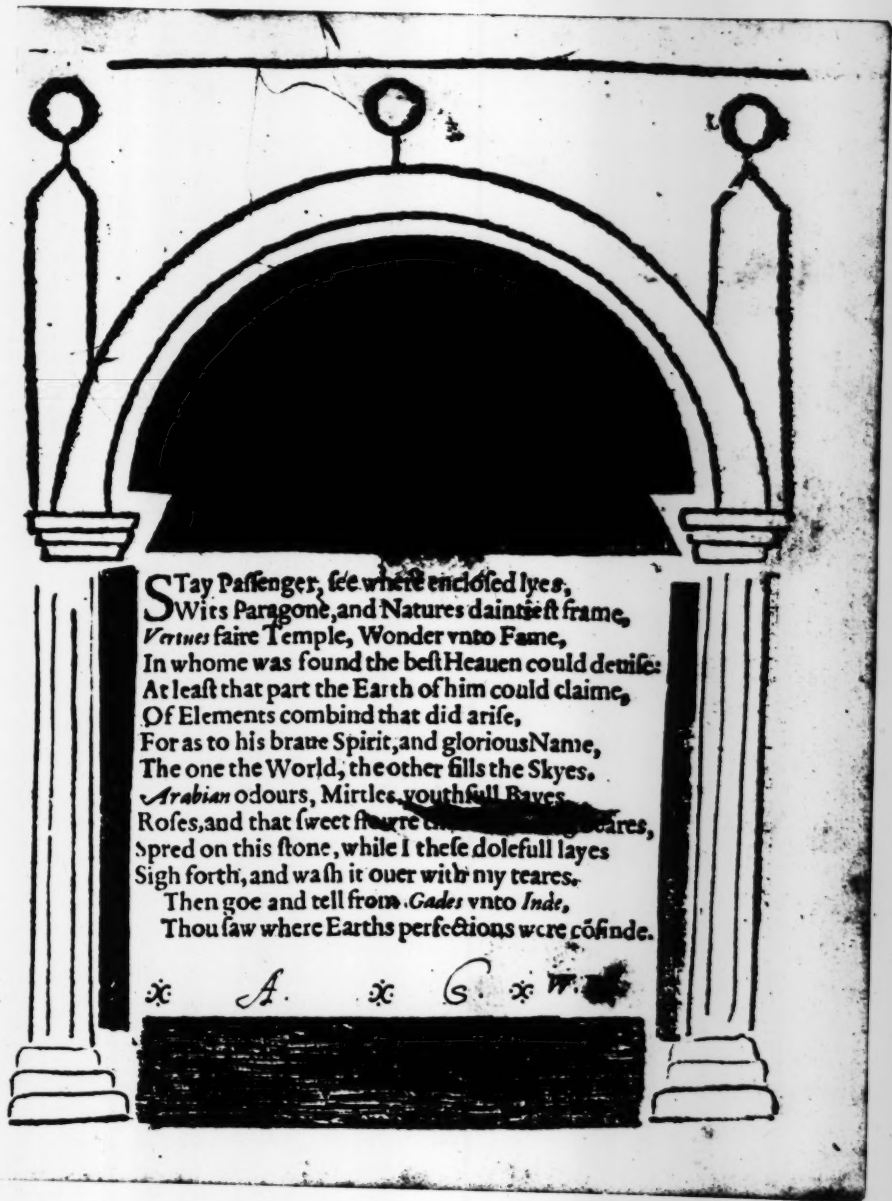
FINIS.



B.



O<sup>F</sup> *JET*,  
Or *POREHERIE*,  
Or that white stone  
PAROS affoordes alone,  
Or these in *AZVRE* dye,  
which seeme to scorne the *SKYE*:  
Here *Memphis* Wonders doe not set,  
Nor *ARTEMISIA*'S huge frame,  
that keepe along her Louers Name:  
mak no great marble Adas tremble with gold  
To please a vulgar eye that doth beholde.  
Phœbus, the Muses, Loue, hath raised of their teares  
A Chrystal tombe to him where through his worth appears.



Stay Passenger, see where enclosed lyes,  
Swits Paragone, and Natures daintiest frame,  
Virtues faire Temple, Wonder vnto Fame,  
In whome was found the best Heauen could deuise:  
At least that part the Earth of him could claime,  
Of Elements combind that did arise,  
For as to his braue Spirit, and glorious Name,  
The one the World, the other fills the Skyes.  
*Arabian* odours, Mirtles, youthfull Bayes  
Roses, and that sweet floure that scents the ayres,  
Spred on this stone, while I these dolefull layes  
Sigh forth, and wash it ouer with my teares.  
Then goe and tell from *Gades* vnto *Inde*,  
Thou saw where Earths perfedions were cōfnde.

✻ A ✻ G ✻ W ✻

